THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

A TOKEN OF AFFECTION
TO GRACE GREENWOOD,
FROM ELORA MAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[The following piece comes to us from an unknown source, and though we think part of Flora May's advice will hardly be acceptable to a maiden "formed to love and blame" like Grace, we have concluded to publish it. For our part, we think any young lady does well "to value immortality for love"—for the one is but a gilded vapor, while the other is a blessed reality.]

My spirit's sister listen to my lay,
For when my soul is glad it turns to thee,
That the sweet strains may guide it on its way
To that blest spot where all are pure and free.

I know thee not, but fancy pictures thine
A form of beauty and a form of grace,
And all I wish thy matchless gifts were mine—
Of mind at least. I ask not for in vain.

I crave no longer for this house of clay,
Like thine, my heart would aim at better things
Than fire, or earth born strength, for, for ever,
For Grace's melody shall lend you wings.

Tell me, unknown but well beloved one,
What are like?" The poet's song,
A cooling brez or more than a burning sun,
Flinging sweet comfort on the heart of sorrow.

Thy verses speak thee all my dreams have done,
They whisper of a soul at peace with God,
Of one who fains not e'en the grave to shun,
But leaves thoughts of self beneath the sod.

Hast thou known sorrow in this world of woe?
If so, thy lot has been unlike to mine
If not, I pray thy life whilst here below,
May be of future happiness the sign.

"Better not immortality for love?"
Then one so, dear girl. I make thy words my own;
Believe that love's a fetid blast from shame,
Then canst work in it without then act alone

Het should the fetters of an earthly love,
Chain down thy spirit from its native high,
Weep not to find them cannot be longer true
In fancy with the angels as they fly.

For art not meant to benefit mankind,
Not one, but many hearts must own thy sway
Else why did Heaven give thee such a mind.
If not to render memorable thy day

Dost thou remember one, a kindred soul,
Who long since knew a pure love and pride
And fondly had her fame begun to toll,
But ah, she left us and became a bride

And now we wander on in her sister's care,
Breaking the bread of life to starving men,
But I may once thee her sisters lands,
And to thy sweet page I'll turn again.

Then water well the garden of thy heart,
That it may be a cultivate day by day,
And oh, remember in the world's vast mart,
Thou hast a lasting friend in Flora May.

TO LEONA.

On the Pronunciation of a Flower.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY RICHARD LUCE, JR.

A fair young girl with beaming eye,
Approached my side bewitchingly,
And looking up into my face,
With lovely modesty and grace,
Pronounced a flower.
And strange to say, I had not power
Upon de chasme to gaze
Upon pretty large, and pretty fair.
The flower, but the last, the last essence,
That opened wide my trembling ear,
The White Lord God is dead to me.
The language of her heart,
Had not for me the burning meed
Or heart burning rush.
Oh! ever thine be the spot
Dear was the sweet Forget Me Not.

Original Tales.

THE TWO FATHERS;
Or, True Philosophy

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

In a village near New York lived a physician named Cornelius. He had an only son, in whose education he spared neither labor nor means. The young man, after being two years at college, decided on adopting his father's profession to which Dr. Cornelius made no serious opposition, although he had before his son most plainly, the great responsibility that would rest upon him, and how he would have to undergo, in the practice of medicine. This did not deter the young man. His reply was—

"I see I have always taught me, that in choosing that pursuit which I am to follow for life, I should think of one to the community as well as good to myself. With this in my mind I have decided to study medicine."

The father had nothing to urge against this decision of his son.

In the same village resided a man of some distinction as a lawyer, named Enfield. He, too, had an only son, for whose future position in society he felt quite as lively an interest as that expressed by Doctor Cornelius. This son early manifested a decided taste for the profession of his father's mind. He, also, from early childhood, had indicated, in various ways, the possession of a fine moral sense, and was inclined to have religious feelings. This arose, mainly, from the fact that his mother was a pious woman, and had given that bent to her strongest bias to lear God and keep His Commandments.

Enfield was exceedingly proud of his son, and as he saw his mind opening with so much beauty and promise, began to fix, in imagination, his future place in society high up among the nation of men who had distinguished themselves as statesmen, and those whom the public delighted to honor.

When Enfield had risen from his earliest infancy he intended to choose, he was surprised and disappointed to hear him say the Ministry. He immediately enquired—

"Oh, no, my son, never think of that. You will attain eminence in any pursuit you adopt, but what is eminence as a minister compared to eminence as a lawyer? To the former, all is restricted in a single circle, and he is not more attended in that circle without suffering and labor. But the lawyer becomes a statesman if he have ability. He can rise from the bar to the benches or to long-lucrative business and the secure chamber. He has the highest office in the nation may be his reward."

The son had set his heart upon being a minister As yet, there was no stirring of ambition within his bosom. He had only thought of doing good and loving mankind. The objection of his father troubled him for awhile, but his self-distrust contrasted with the two spheres in which the minister and the lawyer moved at might move, at length awoke a feeling of ambition in the mind of the young man. He began to look at and think about the proud eminence to which men of talent had attained, and to feel a desire to win for himself a distinguished name.

The father's wishes were at length gratified. The son yielded, and, with the zeal of becoming one of the leaders of mental, entered he study law. Not that the pursuit at law necessarily implies the love of becoming eminent instead of useful. That always that depends upon the individual who enters upon it, and the manner by which he is influenced.

The two young men had grown up together as boys, and, being about the same age, entered together upon their collegiate course. They were sent to Harvard University. Here they pursued their studies with an ardor and success that fully met the wishes and expectations of their parents, who often conversed about their sons. Doctor Cornelius usually spoke of his son without enthusiasm, but yet with a deep feeling of satisfaction that was very apparent; but Enfield could not hide the delight he experienced whenever he thought of the honors his son was most likely to win after he had stepped into the world's broad scene. He watched the intellect of his boy, as it unfolded day by day, with as bright a promise for the future, and almost lost sight of himself and his own powers.

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Mr. Enfield was living in his office, on the second day after his son left, thinking, as usual, when unoccupied with business, of his son and the brilliant career that was before him, when a friend came in and said, in a voice and with a manner that alarmed him,

"Did you hear that the steamer Atlantic, sailed yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, that is the rumor. I thought it my duty to let you know instantly."

"Are there passengers?" were the hurried words of the man, eagerly enquired Enfield.

"Not more than one or two are named, if any," said the friend, who stagger like the house, and seemed to hurried preparations for an instant departure for New York. Mr. Enfield was in an exalted state of suffering. It seemed as if his very life were being consuming extinguished. All was agitation and wild distress. On the following day he had so far recovered as to agree before the Court of Appeals, of which he was a distinguished member, that it was impossible for him to attend to the duties of his office. He was in a state of mind that he could not be trusted with any business.

About a week previous to this time, a pain that had fallen upon a Enfield and badly disturbed his boy. He had been under the care of Doctor Cornelius. Since more the accident but from some cause or other every effort to soothe that unfortunate man followed the setting of the bone, proved unavailing in spite of all the Doctor could do, mortification took place, and an immediate amputation of the limb became necessary.

The Doctor had been engaged all the morning in performing the painful operation. The patient rested and he was about taking up his case of instruments and putting it into his carriage, when the same soldier who had called upon Mr. Enfield, entered his office.

"Doctor," he said, "did not your son return to College, after having graduated, in company with Enfield's son?"

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"News has come by the New York," replied the man, "that the Boston boat was lost that night in the Sound, and that all on board have perished."

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"Lost by fire. She was heavily loaded with cotton, and fire was by some means communicated to the bales.

The Doctor was standing on the floor, and had to support himself by the back of a chair. The sudden change his position—nor was there a very marked change in the expression of his face. He asked a number of questions, and when all was told, and it was that the man could give him was obtained, he said in a low, subdued, yet calm voice.

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The friend promised to do as he wished, and Dr. Cornelius continued on his carriage and drove to the house of the poor man upon whom he was about performing a painful operation. There was none in the family but himself, who knew that the Boston steamer had been destroyed by fire, and that, in all probability, the Doctor's only son was on board and perished. Those who were lost, but no one for a moment suspected that the calm, cool, deliberate physician, who, with steady hand and skilful hands, performed the painful appearance of hurry or excitement, began and completed the operation, was the parent of one who had perished in the flames.

As if the amputation, the Doctor deemed the wound he had made with great care. He then gave the poor man the most minute directions as to what he was to do, and closed by saying in a steady voice, that he had received some painful news that made it necessary for him to leave immediately for New York, but that during his absence Doctor W——— would attend him.

In half an hour from the time Mr. Enfield heard of the terrible disaster which had attended the Lexington, he was standing off toward New York on horseback, with the speed of a madman. Doctor Cornelius started, nearly two hours later, in his light carriage, and pressed his horse as rapidly as it was safe and prudent to drive him. Five miles from New York, he found Enfield, with a broken arm, which had not yet been attended to by a physician, although an effort had been made to obtain one. While riding at a furious rate his horse had stumbled and thrown him over his head. Doctor Cornelius found him in great bodily suffering and in a state of excitement and distress of mind amounting almost to derangement. At the call of humanity, whose voice never appealed to him in vain, he stopped to give his friend and neighbor a helping hand. He examined his arm, and, ascertaining the amount of injury done, set the bone, and carefully gave it the splinting bandages. Nor was this all, forgetful of his own sufferings, he sought, by words fitly spoken, to calm the deep sea of agitation whose waves were beating so wildly upon his spirit.

"Let us, my dear sir, bow our heads in patient submission," he said, after all that he could do for his body had been done.

"It, as I sadly fear, the worst has befallen our sons, we should not fret ourselves in useless murmurings against the Great Disposer of all things. It cannot—"

"Don't mock me in that way, Doctor," said Enfield, impatiently interrupting him. "Your unfeeling calmness will drive me mad! You cannot love your son as I love mine, or you would not be so cold and self-possessed, while my mind is mad with anguish."

"We need not contrast our sufferings, my friend, to see whose heart is most deeply wrung. God only can know that!" The last brief sentence was spoken with a slight tremulousness of voice. But this emotion passed away. "If I have the power to bear my affliction more calmly, I can only say that I am thankful for it; and that I would gladly impart to you a portion of the same ability. But I must not linger here. You will have to return home, of course. I will continue on to the city, and obtain all the information I can. Be bad, and write to me instantly."

"Doctor!" said Enfield, quickly, "I shall not return home! What is a broken arm! I do not feel it! Let me ride with you to the city. I must know all as quickly as possible!"

It was vain for Doctor Cornelius to oppose. He therefore gave Enfield a place in his carriage, and started once more for the city, at the delay of nearly an hour. On arriving there, confirmation of their worst fears was obtained. The survivors from the steamer had just been found, and all the melancholy particulars of the disaster obtained.

A week from this time the Doctor and Mr. Enfield returned home each with the relics of his son, which had been washed upon the beach. They had visited the shore opposite to that part of the Sound where the boat had been lost, and had collected these comforting evidences of their worst fears.

Doctor Cornelius came back to the village still more beloved than he had ever been before, and more in his appearance. He entered at once upon the discharge of his duties as a physician, and around himself he seemed to gather the whole circle. It was different with Enfield. He returned, invested in body and mind. The broken arm was in a highly inflammatory state. He staggered into the house, and was the gladness of the advice of the Doctor, he would upon the wound, and encounter the failure that never failed to follow. Instead of the former, he would possess gang of on in his arm, inflammation ensued. The Doctor had told him he must not use it for a couple of weeks after his return, he was on a very dangerous state, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be restrained from using it.

At least a year passed before Mr. Enfield attempted to take up the broken thread or his business. He was then induced to do so by his physician, and she and her children restored to beggary. I was postponed to another term of the court, and the business entrusted to Mr. Enfield's hands was not great. But he had important documents on his possession, which has grief for his lost son would not permit him to look at, and which he placed in the hands of another attorney, who would have proceeded the widow's suit, at his absence.

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"If, as I sadly fear, the worst has befallen our sons, we should not fret ourselves in useless murmurings against the Great Disposer of all things. It cannot—"

"Don't mock me in that way, Doctor," said Enfield, impatiently interrupting him. "Your unfeeling calmness will drive me mad! You cannot love your son as I love mine, or you would not be so cold and self-possessed, while my mind is mad with anguish."

"We need not contrast our sufferings, my friend, to see whose heart is most deeply wrung. God only can know that!" The last brief sentence was spoken with a slight tremulousness of voice. But this emotion passed away. "If I have the power to bear my affliction more calmly, I can only say that I am thankful for it; and that I would gladly impart to you a portion of the same ability. But I must not linger here. You will have to return home, of course. I will continue on to the city, and obtain all the information I can. Be bad, and write to me instantly."

"Doctor!" said Enfield, quickly, "I shall not return home! What is a broken arm! I do not feel it! Let me ride with you to the city. I must know all as quickly as possible!"

It was vain for Doctor Cornelius to oppose. He therefore gave Enfield a place in his carriage, and started once more for the city, at the delay of nearly an hour. On arriving there, confirmation of their worst fears was obtained. The survivors from the steamer had just been found, and all the melancholy particulars of the disaster obtained.

A week from this time the Doctor and Mr. Enfield returned home each with the relics of his son, which had been washed upon the beach. They had visited the shore opposite to that part of the Sound where the boat had been lost, and had collected these comforting evidences of their worst fears.

Doctor Cornelius came back to the village still more beloved than he had ever been before, and more in his appearance. He entered at once upon the discharge of his duties as a physician, and around himself he seemed to gather the whole circle. It was different with Enfield. He returned, invested in body and mind. The broken arm was in a highly inflammatory state. He staggered into the house, and was the gladness of the advice of the Doctor, he would upon the wound, and encounter the failure that never failed to follow. Instead of the former, he would possess gang of on in his arm, inflammation ensued. The Doctor had told him he must not use it for a couple of weeks after his return, he was on a very dangerous state, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be restrained from using it.

At least a year passed before Mr. Enfield attempted to take up the broken thread or his business. He was then induced to do so by his physician, and she and her children restored to beggary. I was postponed to another term of the court, and the business entrusted to Mr. Enfield's hands was not great. But he had important documents on his possession, which has grief for his lost son would not permit him to look at, and which he placed in the hands of another attorney, who would have proceeded the widow's suit, at his absence.

Enfield was exceedingly proud of his son, and as he saw his mind opening with so much beauty and promise, began to fix, in imagination, his future place in society high up among the nation of men who had distinguished themselves as statesmen, and those whom the public delighted to honor.

When Enfield had risen from his earliest infancy he intended to choose, he was surprised and disappointed to hear him say the Ministry. He immediately enquired—

"Oh, no, my son, never think of that. You will attain eminence in any pursuit you adopt, but what is eminence as a minister compared to eminence as a lawyer? To the former, all is restricted in a single circle, and he is not more attended in that circle without suffering and labor. But the lawyer becomes a statesman if he have ability. He can rise from the bar to the benches or to long-lucrative business and the secure chamber. He has the highest office in the nation may be his reward."

The son had set his heart upon being a minister As yet, there was no stirring of ambition within his bosom. He had only thought of doing good and loving mankind. The objection of his father troubled him for awhile, but his self-distrust contrasted with the two spheres in which the minister and the lawyer moved at might move, at length awoke a feeling of ambition in the mind of the young man. He began to look at and think about the proud eminence to which men of talent had attained, and to feel a desire to win for himself a distinguished name.

The father's wishes were at length gratified. The son yielded, and, with the zeal of becoming one of the leaders of mental, entered he study law. Not that the pursuit at law necessarily implies the love of becoming eminent instead of useful. That always that depends upon the individual who enters upon it, and the manner by which he is influenced.

The two young men had grown up together as

Original Poetry.

FORGET THEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Forget thee! yes, when time forgets
To thrill this throbbing heart of mine
Forget thee!—yes, when memory sets
Her seal to nonsense bail divine.

Yes! when she sun forgets to shine,
Yes! when the sea forgets to roll,
Yes! when the soul, no more divine,
Spurns beauty's, truth's and love's control.

When Hope and fear and passion are,
Amongst the things forgotten are;
When even Joy can charm no more,
And pales, even Reason's guiding star

When Faith and Constancy depart,
When Beauty's power shall cease to move,
When ether each passion from my heart,
Then may my heart calculate prove.

But oh! sad truth gloomy here,
The chain which thou hast round it thrown,
Shall neither break nor lose its power—
Yet can it stretch, to bind thine own!

J. M.

Philadelphia, 1847.

A REPLY TO "HYPERION."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I would not sink into the tomb unwept,
As if with none to bear commission kept;
I would not die and let oblivion's wave
Wash from remembrance where they made my grave."

Nor I—and so I never my heart to bear,
With feelings calm, the every ill I share.
And rouse my spirit's power above the breath
That lures on wanton as to endless death.
Why care we for the wave that sounds our name?
Why not to please us on the strand of Fame?
'Tis better far to have our names engraved
On living hearts, by Heaven we're endowed
To have our names a cherished household word,
That brings a thrill like song of evening bird
Oh then as name can cleanse the mind,
That did through all the day the earth enshrined;
Et also! our name be glad in life's first eve,
Cheered as they will by gentle smiles from Heaven.

Baldwin, June 10, 1847. BELL.

Western Sketches.

FROM THE UNION MAGAZINE.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

How many of the rulers and magistrates of this wonderful country look back to the district school as the source of their earliest impulses and greatest. How many a judge can recollect how he earned a cap with the tattan by spelling low on; perhaps after the bench where he ought to have been sitting quietly upon it! How many a senator is there for first notice of the right to speak, to the first grant as of the talk to matter, a power the first or with the whip over his shoulder, telling his steps magistrally into on this vine notion, by giving ever and anon a brief word of rebuke and sympathy, in awful silence before some neighbor's school. How many a governor has risen from among settlers as very early hours, both at evening and morning.

Even Mr. Entwistle's had made many a tempt to discover what it was that occupied Mr. Ball so late at night, but never could find an opportunity to do so, for as soon as the candle, after being carefully shut up in a large chest with a prodigious lock, and hinges whose clasps half shut when heard the great lock turn, the moment the reasons why the mysterious chest must be opened in their presence. Mr. Ball walked unconscious and was off to bed in a most determined manner. Where could his direct question—as we blush to say he was more than once—as to what the great chest had in it, be answered simply. Nothing more.

This was not to be endured. Any attempt at privacy is considered *prima facie* evidence of guilt; and Mr. Ball suspected that there must be something very wrong about Mr. Ball's chest.

Now when western people begin to suspect, they very soon call wise. To see is not to understand, or, but if a man is suspected of anything, it is as likely to be of stealing, counterfeiting, or any one of the half dozen offences which are considered worse than death. The more wonderful the suspicion, the more readily it is believed. Mr. Ball with an air at once solemn and dignity. They felt sure that they were on the right path, guessing the means of his discharging. Mr. Ball with an air at once solemn and dignity. They felt sure that they were on the right path, guessing the means of his discharging. Mr. Ball with an air at once solemn and dignity. They felt sure that they were on the right path, guessing the means of his discharging.

At length, however, Deacon Bradley approached the subject, by means of some very adroit inquiries upon the dreadful effects of wickedness in general, and especially of certain particular offences of which he seemed to have heard. The deacon was all these observations with great readiness, adding gratuitously some severe strictures of his own on the sin in question. The deacon was then upon an irregular habits as very apt to lead to evil, very soon came down upon late hours as beginning to the close, as a thing not to be tolerated in a village by a direct change upon the schoolmaster of writing a bad example and enticing the supporters of the neighborhood by his odd ways of locking at their steps, and never letting anybody see the inside of his chest.

It may be supposed that this attack did not meet a very amiable response from one used to carnal rule, supremacy and away—and who was conscious that he knew a great deal more of—orthography, etymology syntax and prosody,—than his lecturer, to say nothing of arithmetic and a smattering of mensuration. He blustered a good deal, and stood upon his rights, and wondered what business it was of anybody's what he did when school was over, but the talks stuck to their point with such pertinacity, that Mr. Ball at length found nothing would clear his name but exhibiting the contents of the fatal chest.

So he marched Mr. Entwistle and the deacon in solemn array up to his room, and as soon as they were inside the door, turned the key and put it in his pocket, thereby occasioning some ill-disguised alarm on the part of the deacon, who expected nothing less than pistols, or some other awful engine of destruction, to pop up when the chest should open.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Ball, with more than his usual swagger, "your doubts shall be set at rest; but, remember, that I leave your district on Monday morning, and you may find who you will to keep your school."

Mr. Entwistle paused a little upon this, and would have restrained his more zealous companion, but the deacon was on the better side of conscience's prudence, that he declared he felt it his duty to go on. Whereupon the schoolmaster unlocked the mysterious chest, and displayed to view a very amount of shirts and stockings, with a prodigious pile of Lemon's novels, and a file or two of newspapers, a phrenological head, a few candles, and a bottle of blacking, with brushes!

"And this is all!" The two examiners stood looking down into the half empty abyss; and, we will hope, experienced some compunctious visit ings; but they owned nothing of the kind. Mr. Entwistle professed himself satisfied, and was about to withdraw, when he was recalled by an exclamation of the deacon, who had taken up some of the papers.

"A Universal paper!" he cried, as if horrified by the very name. "A Universal paper! Would you dare are too discerning to be long deceived, and they began, before a great while, to take advantage of the master's foibles, and to be as idle and negligent as ever.

Yet he was not altogether a King Log either. After submitting as far as to tell the deacon stories, in which he himself always made a most heroic figure, and enjoying their wondering comments and facetious remarks, he would suddenly change his tone, and order every one to resume his studies at the same time declaring in a tremendous voice, "I am Napoleon in my school!" which the boys understood as a threat against whoever should dare to smile in the ranks.

This coup produced some sensation among the parents, who were a good deal puzzled to interpret a character which seemed compounded of such incongruous qualities. Some thought "one must be book-larnin' made fools of people, others that Mr. Ball, having had a "select school" of his own, could not be expected to lay out all his powers upon a district school. One good lady suggested that the master was in love, another was afraid he drank. Theories abounded, but no satisfactory result could be obtained, since the conclusion of to-day was swept away by the new freak of to-morrow.

It happened that the house of Mr. Entwistle, one of the richest inspectors, had been next to Mr. Ball as a home, and Mr. Entwistle had built a keen mischievous daughters, who were always revealing some story of the master's goings on. They declared however small might be the bit of waffle with which they tantalized him at bed-time, he always had light in his room until two, and that the story was corroborated by the statement that it was impossible to make noise enough to arouse Mr. Ball before eight o'clock in the morning, when he swallowed the half cold breakfast reserved for him by Mrs. Entwistle and had to run at once to reach the school house before the clock struck nine. This encroachment upon country ease and freedom was not to be endured, and with a few temporary seats for the scholars, and a board laid upon two barrels to serve as a writing table. This was the beginning of the end. It was in vain for Wealthy to keep order among the refractory imps though one boy who had lived at "the East," earned the name of "the master's pet," and was so much more, because it was up stairs, which Miss Wealthy considered an injurious and narcastic reflection upon the character of the establishment. In vain, by revenging himself, the urchin called her Miss Tom-tit, which coming to her ears, brought him another flogging. In vain the master, when being summoned, began to skin her scorpion whip over an unlucky Miss Turner, however, kept her ground, packed off home by a mother, by setting her a very curious and elaborate cap, and vindicated her authority by such strictness in school, that offences gradually became less frequent, and the interests of learning advanced accordingly.

One occurrence during Miss Turner's reign she would often herself relate with much gusto. The foot of the temporary school-room, being only of loose boards, Miss Turner was making an address to the assembled school, when she had been separated from me by the iron nature

"Then last children, and felt the warm, soft touch of infancy upon thy lips; last men them grow up in love and confidence around them, at morning and evening hast knelt before the same altar, prayed to the same purpose, bent before the same God?"

"Woman, this trembler isn't" said Cromwell, who, as it well known, was peculiarly happy in these sort of matters.

"I have seen, and they shall honor thee; thought-ure and they shall bless thee," pursued Lady Desmond.

"She be not dead——"

"Look upon those grey hairs, and on those pale and quivering lips, upon this frail form bowed with agonizing suspense, and pity, oh! pity me!"

"Away! away!"

"By three hopes of heaven—by the love then bearest to thy dead mother, pardon for my husband!"

"Then pleadest in vain."

"Then by the memory of the blood which flowed at Whitehall ——." She stopped, for she felt that she had said too much; yet the secret's term have changed not; but, in the wild portion of Martin—in the fearful and anxious start of Jeffreys—she trembled for her suit. The group was worthy a painter.

For a minute, Cromwell moved not, spoke not, and even scarcely breathed. It seemed as up to the agonized pleader. At last he uttered, as though power of speech had suddenly come to him—

"Woman, thy prayer is granted, go in peace."

Then turning to Colonel Jeffreys, he said—

"Then wert right; I will see that the prisoner be released. This woman, in her good heart, dared to speak of that which must forever be sealed between her dear. Her husband shall be set free; for Verily! not unto you, I have not heard such great love—no, not in all Israel."

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies $5 per annum or advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 an advance one copy will be sent three years. To Clubs we make the following liberal offers:

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For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine" for one year, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Foreigner," a Splendid Tale of Love, for 1847.

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For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Foreign," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by availing themselves of the above mode of remittance, when at all convenient. Being entirely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers on the West and South-West are respectfully informed, that they probably will be visited by our agents in the course of one or two months, and we trust they will be prepared to settle with them.

E. T. Jennings is going through Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin; J. P. Dent, through Missouri; James S. Smith and Thomas G. Smith, through Indiana; and C. W. James and Frederick J. Haven, through Ohio.

Of course the above notice is not intended to prevent those of our subscribers in the above States, who may find it convenient to remit, by mail, from doing so. On the contrary, we would much prefer their remitting us the amounts due so promptly as they would thereby save us the heavy per centage we have to pay our agents for the trouble and expense of collecting.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. Our friend's article is declined.

Miss H. G. As we have no answer already on hand to the poem in question, we must respectfully decline Miss G's contribution.

WHITE AND BROWN BREAD.

An essay recently appeared in one of the British magazines, from the pen of Professor Johnston, upon the nutritive qualities of the bread now in use, the substances of which was intended to give our readers in this article, unaccompanied by any opinions of our own. The object of the essay in question is to prove the superiority of bread made from the whole grain, to that made according to the present custom from the whitest and finest portion of the wheat. The assertion that the solid parts of the grain from his grain, and thus some of it is unavailable accompany we will b k first. By putting in separate it to us or less completely. In animals, middlings, &c., sowing their color to the proportions of brown meal that has passed through the same along with the flour. The whole meal as it is called, which the so named brown household bread is made, consists of the entire grain ground by a proper mill, and as it comes from the millstones smutted, and therefore containing all the bran.

The first white flour, therefore, may be said to contain no bran, while the whole meal contains all that grew naturally upon the grain.

What is the connexion of these two portions of the seed? How much do they respectively consist of the several constituents of the animal body? How much of each is rendered unfit for the human grain?

The fat. Of the ingredient a thousand pounds of the

Whole grain contain	19 lbs.
Fine Flour,	10 "
Pollard,	23 "
Bran,	19 "

So that the bran is much richer in fat than the interior part of the grain, and the whole grain ground together (whole meal) richer than the fine part of the flour in the proportion of nearly one half.

2. *The muscular matter.* I have had no opportunity as yet of ascertaining the relative proportions of this ingredient in the bran and fine flour of the same sample of grain. Numerous experiments, however, have been made in my laboratory to determine these proportions in the fine flour and whole meal of several varieties of grain. The general result of these is, that the whole grain universally contains a larger quantity by weight than the fine flour extracted from it does. The particulars of some in the case of wheat and Indian corn were as follows:—A thousand pounds of the whole grain and of the fine flour contained of muscular matter respectively,—

Wheat,	Whole Grain.	Fine Flour.
Indian Corn,	136 lbs.	126 lbs.
	116 "	110 "

Of the material out of which the animal muscle is to be formed, the whole meal or grain of wheat contains one tenth more than the finest flour does. For maintaining muscular strength, therefore, it must be more nutritive in an equal proportion.

3. *Bone material and saline matter.*—Of these mineral constituents, as they may be called, of the animal body, a thousand pounds of bran, whole meal and fine flour, contain respectively,—

Bran,	170 lbs.
Whole meal,	170 "
Fine flour,	23 "

So that in regard to this important part of our food, necessary to all living animals, but more so to the young who are growing, and the mother who is giving milk,—the whole meal is three times more nourishing than the fine flour.

Our case is now made out. Weight for weight, the whole meal contains a more rich in all those three essential elements of a nutritious diet, than the fine flour of wheat. It contains only dairies to sustain their health and strength by the best of food, and ought on the whole meal to be preferred by children who are rapidly growing, the browner the bread they eat, the more abundant the supply of the materials from which their increasing bones and muscles are to be produced. The fine flour bread, mother, the same food, and for a similar reason is the most proper.

A glance at their mutual relations in regard to the three substances we have spoken of will render this more clearly. A thousand pounds of each contain of the three several ingredients the following proportions.

	Whole Meal.	Fine Flour.	Pollard, Bran, &c.
Muscular matter,	136 lbs.	126 lbs.	110 lbs.
Bone material,	170 "	23 "	23 "
Fat,	19 "	10 "	23 "
Total in each	324	159	219

Taking the three ingredients, therefore, together, the whole grain contains nearly double the value for filling all the purposes of nutrition than the fine flour—and especially as it is so in regard to the feeding of the young, and of the bone and of those who undergo much bodily labour.

It will not be denied that it is for a wise purpose that the Deity has so intimately associated, in the grain, the several substances which are necessary for the complete nutrition of animal bodies. The whole grain contains also all that is needful for the attempting to make this natural collocation of materials. To bran the eye and the palate, we will not a less generally nutritive food—and, to make the most proper use of it, the animal body requires to have recourse to animal food of various descriptions

It is not know that the effects of the physical infirmities to which I have referred, have manifested themselves in my writing; they have not, well as I can judge, impaired the vigor of my mind nor lessened my labors, for more than a year. But it is perhaps best to refer before the commencement of each reader, before the fits of patronage weaker; and it is not known *precisely* what effect the latter may have upon me, as to the future prospects of our beautiful city——

Then wert right; I will see that the prisoner be released. This woman, in her good heart, dared to speak of that which must forever be sealed between her dear. Her husband shall be set free; for Verily! not unto you, I have not heard such great love—no, not in all Israel."

MR. CHANDLER'S VALEDICTORY.

The valedictory address of Joseph R. Chandler, late proprietor and editor of the United States Gazette, will be found in another column. Mr. Chandler, of that paper, which has recently been united with the North American, is a truly chaste and eloquent writer. His style has been long known to the readers of the Gazette for twenty-five years. He became its editor when its circulation was very small, and when the whole number of its subscribers did not exceed a thousand. Under his management, however, it soon rose to a high rank among the literary journals of the country, and has ever since maintained it. His labors during the first few years especially, were very arduous.

Month after month, and year after year, did I attend personally to a school of more than a hundred pupils, instructing them in the art of type, then write editorials, collect and select the news of all the periodicals received by the mail, correspondence, of the daily paper, noticing, with the compositors of my labors. (G H Hart.) at two and three o'clock in the morning from the office, to revise the proofs of the paper, and to get a few hours of sleep. Reasons as all this was to the constitution, it was continued, and the paper slowly, but constantly, gained patronage.

It is encouraging to learn that the success of the paper was due entirely to its intrinsic merit, and the wise business management of its editor. The essential patronage was needed to build it up. Mr. Chandler says——

The paper elected with my aid, was ever solicited by me for the patronage of his office; and the United States Gazette, in my hands, was conducted, sustained by any extraneous aid, and party patronage. It was established—from my own funds—by the subscription list, and ordinary advertising, all unpaid, and voluntary.

For many success I have been addressed on the subject of politics, and I do violence to myself to say no position as an officer of the administration of the day. Those who have allied to the use of my name in this or allied connexions, that my services were at an end will call and of my country, and that I am not prepared to say that I shall refuse if the necessity calls me to the Presidential office, but that I can and shall yield to no call that do not come from the spontaneous action and free will of the nation at large. I will not be the candidate of any party.

For the high honor and responsibilities of such an office, I take this occasion to declare that I have the slightest a-pration; a much more tranquil and satisfactory line, after the termination of my present engagements, and a return to the society of my family and my part calar friends, and in the enjoyment of the comforts of my own home. In this case I permit myself to be the candidate of any party or political organization.

With these remarks, I trust you will pardon me for the liberty I take in replying to you, and for the high opinion and approval of the sentiments and principles which you have expressed. I beg to acknowledge myself most truly and respectfully your friend and fellow-citizen,

Z. TAYLOR.

Major General U. S. Army

Jas. W. Taylor, Esq, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NON-RESISTANCE.

Most of our readers are probably aware that there is a class of persons who call themselves "Non-Resistants," and who believe it nachristian to resist any physical force, even though it be used for the vindication of the right, under any circumstance. It seems there are several of this way of thinking in Lynn, Massachusetts, one of whom the Lynn News tells a rather laughable anecdote. It appears that the store of this worthy individual had been entered in the night time—the robber knowing that it was against the principles of the proprietor to have fire arms about the premises for the purpose of defence, or anything of the kind. He gathered together all the valuables he could easily lay his hands upon, and then took from his pocket a pair of pistols, and commenced loading them. The "News" says:

We know not whether the dog is muzzled, or intimidated by the thieves, but it would be very natural for the animal to exercise any midnight intruder, who should attempt to break into his premises and non resistant principles of his proprietor.

A CORRECTION.

We find the following paragraph in the National Intelligencer of the 7th:

A HERALD PRANK.—The last Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post says that its editor has been "sold" by some thieves, but it would be very natural for the animal to exercise any midnight intruder, who should attempt to break into his premises and non resistant principles of his proprietor.

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We find the following paragraph in the National Intelligencer of the 7th:

A HERALD PRANK.—The last Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post says that its editor has been "sold" by some thieves, but it would be very change paper an admonition never to do an act of injustice to a brother editor. To be sold by deception is a terrible impression of the correctness of the public mind, and a reprehensible the editor on this hopeful growth of morals.

The editor of the Standard, when he ridiculous the idea that he should be "sold" and to which he has, which is false, lest his own morals be respected. The paragraph to which he alludes, appeared some days ago in the Post, and was not given as his own, or even as not editorially. We do not, however, see anything in it that we should be ashamed to have written.

Editorial Varieties.

ARISTA AND HIS GENERALS.

As a pendent to the accounts of "Washington and his Generals," and "Napoleon and his Generals," &c., the Matamoros Flag gives the following account of a scene that occurred between Gen. Arista and his generals. The Flag vouches for the authenticity of the anecdote, having received it from a gentleman high in the confidence of the chief actor. The story runs as follows:—

After the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, when Gen. Arista had been reinforced with 3,000 regulares, Gen. Arista summoned Generals Ampudia, Requena and Canales to his quarters, and thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen—I am about to resign the command of the army. You will have seen by my conduct that you may know the reasons which have influenced me. I will not be the instrument to command the army with honor to myself or country, as long as it contains so many cowards, as I find commands in its ranks. You, Ampudia, are a base coward. I treated you with 2,000 of my best troops, you betrayed your trust, proved recreant to your duty, and fled from the field. You, Requena, fled trembling and dismayed, without being within reach of the fire of the enemy.

"You, Terrazas, have some reputation as a cavalry officer; God knows how or where you obtained it, for you have proved that you are totally unfit for the efficiency to pretend to command.

"You, Canales, are a disgrace to the military officers; you have been consoled through life only in one thing, your treachery; you cannot deny it, for you consider, when danger are at a distance, but when they are within the reach of your sword, you are found, or your terror renders your presence not only useless but dangerous.

"And you, Canales, to be called *General*! you, who have not the sensibility to feel the name of soldier, a cow-driver, a ragabond skulker from ranche to ranche, a cowardly project, whose very presence in the army is a disgrace to it, and who has received to the title of *General* produces the most profound indignation.

"Gentlemen, I am done with you; our connexion ends here. I will not have such company with our unfortunate country was also at an end."

KIT CARSON.

Most of our readers have probably heard of this young pioneer, and of the many deeds of daring and famous in its associations with the far West, as Boone's is with the more "dark and bloody ground" of the West. Kit Carson (we say enough, though we shall not allow now her. She was known and respected by all the whole, in accordance with the frequently accompanied her husband in his marches, and was with him in the battle of Sacramento. Her son—a tender lad to the rough natures of the wilderness—was left with the wife of "Old Bill Williams," as Hawkeye says, notwithstanding his wild life, he loved the child to his heart, and the mother she is now being educated. In the girl's face is not a mark of its Indian extraction save the dark hair and cool black eyes."

THE CHOLERA.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from Washington on the 10th of June, says:

There is now a case of confirmed Asiatic cholera at the Navy Yard to-day, which terminated fatally. It is a most malignant case, and is very contagious. The appearance of this terrible scourge, even in an isolated form, has produced considerable consternation.

There is no mention of the above case in any of the Washington papers.

LOSS OF LIFE.

The loss of life, this far, in the Mexican War, on the battle field and by sickness, is estimated by one of our correspondents at twenty thousand men. Four conquests and triumphs are worth what they cost in blood, treasure, broken hearts, and tears.

TAYLOR AND THE PRESIDENCY.

The following letter from General Taylor, "declining his position," as the politicians say, has been sent off to Cincinnati, and will be the watchword, or signal. It is published by the Signal with the following explanatory introduction:

The communication from which the following letter was received by the editor, are regarded as a warrant for its publication. We felt it our duty, therefore, to communicate it at once to the public, and to the subject at considerable length. We were also of the opinion that no apology was necessary in our article should meet the eye of General Taylor, and therefore enclosed it to his address, with a few words to that effect, which we also publish below:

Why is it necessary for us to make any apology to that communication, we have received the following letter, which we take pleasure in laying before our readers:

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, } Camp near Monterey, May 15, 1847. }

SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, with the enclosure of your address, and resolutions of the "Signal" of the 13th of A ril.

At this time my public duties commend as fully my attention, that it is impossible to answer your letter in the terms demanded by its courtesy, and the consideration which the enclosure of your address, entitled, indeed have I the time, should I feel myself at liberty, to enter upon the discussion of political subjects of public policy suggested by the article in question. But, in my opinion, no person can withhold till the end of the war, when my services, if my country should require it, will be at once the common enemy, shall no longer be compos ed by any expression or discussion in any manner.

From many sources I have been addressed on the subject of the Presidency, and I do violence to myself to say no position as an officer of the administration of the day. Those who have allied to the use of my name in this or allied connexions, that my services were at an end will call of my country, and that I am not prepared to say that I shall refuse if the necessity calls me to the Presidential office, but that I can and shall yield to no call that do not come from the spontaneous action and free will of the nation at large. I will not be the candidate of any party.

For the high honor and responsibilities of such an office, I take this occasion to declare that I have the slightest a-pration; a much more tranquil and satisfactory line, after the termination of my present engagements, and a return to the society of my family and my part calar friends, and in the enjoyment of the comforts of my own home. In this case I permit myself to be the candidate of any party or political organization.

With these remarks, I trust you will pardon me for the liberty I take in replying to you, and for the high opinion and approval of the sentiments and principles which you have expressed. I beg to acknowledge myself most truly and respectfully your friend and fellow-citizen,

Z. TAYLOR.

Major General U. S. Army

Jas. W. Taylor, Esq, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CAMANCHE HORSES.

A writer in the New York Dispatch, who professes to speak from "a degree of experience," says:—

It takes a prairie horse a long time to appreciate the merits of grain—they smell their noses at it in disdain, as if it were some base food for slaves. After offering them white pebbles to eat. Having never been introduced to the delicious course of their lives, and being accustomed to regard the prairie grass as sufficient for their sustenance, they at first are constantly astonished by such fruity pabulum. I have always noticed that the failure of the awkward attempts of my Indian horse to get at the merits of an ear of corn. He invariably gave it up in disgust, and walked off to the grass. The wonder is, that they will endure more hard riding, on the single diet of grass, than the finest corn can chance to halt at, than your corn fed American horses. But for all that, I do not like prairie horses to traverse these great plains. The Indian gets an amount of endurance out of his horse that is almost incredible; yet the idea of raising grain for him never entered the head of man. He has been nightly miles a day, and at night simply rake off his saddle and turn him loose to graze. He is then half till morning—then drinks him fresh as a lark, and ready for the same or greater work again. He is the single thing in the way of food that he needs, and then turn him free to rejuvenate and at the end of nine weeks he has not lost a pound of flesh, and again!

These musings are a magnificent race of animals, their descent is from the highest royal line ages of Barbary; and it is ridiculous for us to be making such a wonderment over the Arab and his breed, and endeavoring to get at the same time, at enormous prices to part with his horse like—as if there was anything in the Arab blood to improve our stock at home. We have the very same breed of horses in the Camanche country, numbered in herds of countless thousands over our own plains.

PRESIDENT IN NEW YORK.

The New York Mirror says that too much praise cannot be given to Alderman Oliver of that city, for his careful and considerate attention to the President's comfort and safety. The Mirror says——

If Mr President moved the Alderman caught him by the arm, as though he were afraid that a change might escape; if the President took off his hat to receive the cheers of the people, Alderman Oliver of the 11th did the same. Indeed, he was so engrossed with the first spot upon which her night under the impression of having seen the back of his head, that he was the only member of the 11th Ward. If Mr Polk had been a piece of delicate porcelain, he could not have been more carefully attended to. Indeed, we think that Alderman Oliver, who seemed to speak from every look of his head at the crowd, as if to say, "A good people, the President of the United States is in my keeping, and I am happy to say that I have had better stand back; crowding and that sort of thing I will not stand."

Another paper says that the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, U. S. Senator from Alabama, was quite exasperated at the conduct of Alderman Oliver in the Presidential procession. And that many in the crowd were heard to declare that President Polk was "the people's friend," and that "the people" if a person were to believe the half the papers tell about the President's reception in New York, it would appear that the taking of his sides before he got it all out of his head.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY

The Germantown Telegraph gives the following instance of remarkable longevity, blended with a curious coincidence:

Died, on the 20th ult., Gainer Jones, widow of Isaac Jones, of Montgomery township, near the intersection mile stone on the Germantown road, in the ninety second year of her age. It is remarkable that her late husband, her father, Isaac Jones, lived with his wife about seventy-two years, and died in the ninety second year of his age, and survived him two years and died in the ninety second year of her age, and his widow survived him two years and died in the ninety second year of her age, and his widow survived him seven years and died in the ninety second year of her age. They all lived and died in the same house.

ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

The Boston Chronotype says very many very good things, but not always true ones at times

Brownson always writes readibly, stirring up thoughts in the reader as with a mighty pathing-stick. He values himself on his logical and his powers, superior in fact to those of Thomas Aquinas, and has constituted himself the Reformer of the world. But there is always this comfort to those who differ from the author, that he is a very unreliable man, he will recite himself. He may be truly compared to that wonderful instrument, an organ, of which it is said to have discovered in the woods, which when an extravagantly crooked that it could not be still. Brownson is a crooked man, and his mind has been never being both two or more of them without their absolute contradiction.

When we went to Boston last November seeing considerable in books about the Mahommen method of converting unbelievers, by the sword—how many it was, and all the details of the whole operation." But we have altered all that." It is not only justifiable now—also for Christian nations to use the sword in order to convert men to the blessings of Christianity, but even to force barbarians to trade with them. At least many appear to think so.

VERY PROBABLE.

A Dublin paper says that a woman named Vandervelden has lived without any food or drink since the year 1826. She is now upwards of seventy years age, and has been attacked with an illness which is expected to end fatally.

Twenty seven years without food! If any one can tell a tougher story than that, and get people to believe it, he should be shot up in the Penitentiary before he is a day older. It is dangerous to have such an individual about, especially as an "able editor."

SINGULAR CLAIM.

Mr. Daniel Jordan, of Freeport, Maine, has petitioned the legislature for a grant of wild land, in consideration of his services in furnishing the State with men and daughters.

Shade of Malthus! what are we coming to! Does not Mr. Daniel Jordan know, that some philosophers have held that the peculiar services for which he claims a "grant of land," rather subject a man to death, without benefit of clergy, or what is next door to it, starvation!

OFFENDERS AND DEFENDERS.

Under the above heading, the New Orleans Picayune gives the following account of the examination of the two Americans, charged with firing the cannon on the Alameda:

Yesterday, at the hour which the following letter was received by the editor, are regarded as a warrant for its publication. We felt it our duty, therefore, to communicate it at once to the public, and to the subject at considerable length. We were also of the opinion that no apology was necessary in our article should meet the eye of General Taylor, and therefore enclosed it to his address, with a few words to that effect, which we also publish below:

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Major General U. S. Army

Jas. W. Taylor, Esq, Cincinnati, Ohio.

INTERCEPTED DESPATCH

Our readers will remember that a short time ago, a despatch from the Secretary of war to Gen. Scott, was intercepted by the Mexicans. The despatch has lately been published at length in the Mexican journals. The manner which attracts most attention in Mexico, is the following:—

Intimations have been given to the Government that a portion of the people of the State of Vera Cruz have made up their minds, in disgust at the serious obstacles to the Central Government. Should this be true, you will admit that the moment is well chosen for such a movement. Should the people of Vera Cruz, at this crisis, declare themselves independent of the Federal Government, when negotiations for peace are pending, when the Congress of the United States is assembled, when the Executive of the United States is engaged in a war with Mexico

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Western Ohio, and Kentucky.
Mr. JAMES M. WORTHINGTON, appointed by *James M. Scott*, of Cincinnati, is our Agent for Ky., T. P. Ford, Esq., of Louisville, and *Joseph Hewett*, Esq., of Lexington.
JOHN MCCLEAN, Canada, East and West.
Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMESON is our Travelling Agent for the counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Prince Edward. *C. Wright, William H. Wild, G. H. F. Bowe, John B. Wild, Stanislaus Wild, Jr., Thomas Bowe, Edward A. Storey, John Graham, James Downey, Isaac D. Gaspell and John W. Johnson*, the two last named gentlemen of St. Hilaire, Rouville.
Mr. HENRY H. SIBLEY is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.
THOMAS BRISTOW is our Travelling Agent for New Jersey.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
WILLIAM PIERCE, Jr., is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for the paper in the State of New York.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

DECLINE IN BREADSTUFFS—ADVANCE IN COTTON.

The steamship Caledonia brings fifteen days later intelligence from Europe.

Breadstuffs have still further declined. Flour has fallen to 40s a 41s; wheat 11s. a 12. corn 44s a 45s; corn-sacked 34s a 35s.

Cotton has advanced ½d a penny per lb.

The continued generating appearance of the growing crops, together with the suppression of the export of specie, have produced a revival of confidence and prosperity in the Money market. The Bank of England discounts more freely, and altogether, the monetary prospect of the country is of a most encouraging character.

The fleet and fortune of the Portuguese Junta, under the command of Kassatos, consisting of three steam-ships and twenty-five transports, have proceeded unconditionally to the British blockading squadron, off Mayo.

The American ship Herald, Capt. Fullen, with emigrants from Ireland, went ashore in a fresh gale on the 24th of May, and filled. The crew and passengers were landed without loss.

The Emigrant Lords have appointed a select committee to inquire into the subject of emigration from Ireland.

The insurance offices will have to pay £47,000 on account of the jubilee celebration in the Isle of Man; Mr. O Connell; but little of this large sum goes to the Isle of Man, the spectators not coming to see the latter, but attracted by third parties.

Parliament was to close the second week in July.

An American vessel, the Mediterranean, bound for Westport from America, was plundered of a large quantity of her cargo (Indian meal) off the mouth entrance or Bosch Sod Bay, on the 23d ult.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Hume's proposed pension was defeated.

In France the hope of a magnificent harvest is every day imparting confidence to the population. The conflict which has existed in the public mind, on the price of provisions is diminishing in every part of the kingdom.

The free importation of all sorts of grain into France has been extended to the 31st of January, 1848.

A radical reform in the system of postage will be speedily effected by the French and the United Governments of all the States are in accordance on this subject. The following is the basis of the new system :—1. The free passage of the mails from State to State, without charge for postage. 2. A daily mail every where. 3. Mails to follow the shortest routes as far as practicable, at the same rate of postage and as low as possible.

The Queen and Prince Albert are coming to the Antlic, and the immense amount of sickness which usually takes place on the voyage, has attracted a good deal of attention. Dr. Arnott, the doctor who are those afforded are beyond the reach of medical aid, one ship out of every twenty sail with emigrants carrying a surgeon. Efforts have been, and indeed are now being made, to remedy the evil by providing these vessels with medical assistance.

From all accounts, the harvest in the North of Europe is to be very fine, and the price of all kinds of food is down to a mere trifle, and will not be much in consequence even in Ireland the harvest promises abundance.

IRELAND.

It was very currently rumored that it was the wish of Mr. O'Connell's family that the remains of his leaders should take no part as a body in the public funeral of the late great leader. The remains of Mr. O Brien, in order to test the rumor, addressed a letter to Mr. Charles O'Connell. Mr. Charles O'Connell, will, who replied, said that "the arrangements for the funeral having been entrusted to the Glasnevin Cemetery Committee of the Repeal Association, the family leaves it entirely in their hands." Mr. O'Brien consequently determined that the remains of the should not attend the funeral.

A contract has been issued to the Engineers in charge of the several districts in which public works have been ordered to be executed, to the effect that the Lords of the Treasury have given instructions that all the works, whether they commence with the present thorough drainage, &c. shall be finally discontinued on or before the 1st of July.

Apart from the contradictory reports respecting the potato crops, the anticipations of an abundant harvest are of a very favorable nature. The blight is malignant, but the general downward tendency of provisions, and the state of the money market all over the country, with the prevalent fine, dry, bracing weather, have had a most salutary effect in some degree to check the progress of the destructive epidemic. Emigration proceeds very extensively, during the last two months, one hundred and twenty thousand persons left the country, of whom, chiefly Catholic Irish, and, remarks the Belfast Northern Whig "the extent of the real loss cannot only be limited by the means of getting away."

Messrs. John and Morgan O'Connell have succeeded their late father in the representation of the Clonmel Borough. Tom Steele has retired entirely from active politics.

SPAIN.

Spain presents the unhappy results at an ill assorted marriage, and by their respective pursuits and habits the characteristics of Man and Woman. Mr. Bennelli, the Pope's nuncio, arrived in Madrid on the 19th ult., with full powers to effect a reconciliation; should he fail, a divorce is consequence of the Atlantic may say about it is another affair—*English paper.*

The Black Flag.—In one instance, in the presence of some American officers, at Chihuahua, the black flag was displayed, and no quarter given to the Mexicans. They were a most brave, enlightened and a particularly magnanimous and humane people. In their engagements with an enemy, they scrupulously observed the rules of war, and that forbearance to a vanquished foe dictated by the most enlightened principles of humanity.

Curious Experiment.—A contemporary relates the following experiment, which was made in his neighborhood lately. A gentleman attached the end of a piece of strong twine to the neighbor's door knocking, and its western branch to another neighbor, in the same manner as the first, and after the twine was twisted, he cut the string of the middle from its roots, and thus left it hanging in the air by its two branches, and there it flourished with considerable vigor.

Admirable Painting.—An exchange, in noticing the statement that a bird flew into the chapel of St. Wast Paris, and attempted to fly to the silver branch in the hand of a painted figure of Peace, a la it reminds him of the French anecdote of the painter who drew a boy with a basket of cherries, which was so admirably true to nature that the birds were in the habit of perching at the fruit—*of course* working out the fey!

Col. Davis's Reason.—Colonel Davis said in a speech made upon the occasion of the reception of the volunteers at Vicksburg, that he would not accept the commission of Brigadier General—for the reason that he believed the volunteer should elect their officers—that officers ought to be elected annually or vacated in Congress, and did not feel at liberty, under present circumstances to violate it.

Attorney Dashed.—Jean Paul says, that a lady, who had married a lawyer, and who was fond of her troops, would do it somewhat in this wise—

"Two soldiers, all of you, save mind, I order you, as soon as I have finished speaking to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be, don't you hear me? halt, I say, all of you!"

Consistency.—A London church-builder provides wood and iron churches for transmission to the colonies. He offers a church with stained glass windows, and bells, &c., capable of seating eight hundred persons, at five hundred guineas. But if you can not afford to buy a church, he will let you have one for one hour."

Miscellaneous.

LEGAL COURTING.

A lawyer, whom we knew well, did his courting after this fashion. He had got a good practice and a high reputation, as well for what his noble contained of talent and intellect, as for being a very successful chap in all his ways, days and waysings. His eccentricity cut but him into the notice it wasn't "meet that woman should be alone," and so, of a delightful summer's eve, when the roses smiled and the snow-slips laughed, Sunday evening, too, mind ye, gentle reader, that,

Delightful hour of 'settching love,
he caught up his hat, and was seen ascending the steps of the cottage beside the hill—where tripped

A lovely damsel, bright and fair.

She opened the door, as he politely asked, "is the Chief Justice within ?" "No, sir," said the pearly one,—"but will be shortly." "Ah, that's no matter," said the Counsellor, as he was curtsied within the door, "I do not come to see the father, my client is interested only in the testimony of the daughter. My client, madam, swore the mansion is now free from debt, and he pays it out of the succession if you would have any objection to becoming its mistress. I'll call next Sabbath evening for your answer, and if it be 'Yes,' I will have my carry to suspend the seal. I think your client's case is now complete, and I can now go to court with his point without any special pleading, but as the father has been twenty-one years upon the bench, it would be decorous to wait his decision on the case—my opinion." "Certainly, madam," said the lawyer, as the father entered the apartment. It is needless to say that the full court did not adjourn for a month, and the happy pair signed the bonds and went into possession in four weeks from that night.—*English paper.*

A WOMAN OF GOOD TASTE

The following very happy and equally true sketch is from the London Quarterly Review

"You see some people turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She raises not how original a pattern may be, if it be not in fashion, it is ugly, and she is awkward. Whatever have fashion dictates she believes to be graceful, and she never fails to wear the easiest very beautiful things which people generally admire, but which, brought from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often are brought by her inspired town and made up by her own hand. Not that her costume is either rich or new, on the contrary, she wears a good deal that is old, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She feels in no gaudy consciousness of colors, nor does she affect a studied subtlety, but she either of these two with a judgment and taste that provokes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts on cloth in winter and silk and muslin or barege in summer things. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is an important as the dress; all her inner borders and bindings are delicate and fresh, and should any little thing get out of order, it is mended in a trice. She is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is a great art either in her business or her negligence. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand elements of dress, and in her having her own age, and her own points! And no woman of a dress well who does not know these three things. She

A Fine Poem.

THE MIGHTY MEN OF OLD.

BY MRS. MARY M. CHASE.

The slumbers king of Israel sat on his gleaming throne;
Around him crowded counsellors, and bronzed-faced captains stood;
And the trumpet and the cymbal, and the clarion's stirring peal,
Were mingled with a thousand shouts and rising of glittering steel!

The bravest band of all this band are in that proud array,
For the king of Israel's chosen his mighty men from out their ranks to day.

They come from far Beersheba, from Judea's utmost bound,
From where the silver springs of Dan burst forth with pleasant sound;
From Gilead's second groves of balm, from Carmel's treated hill,
From Jordan's banks, and from the shades by Hebron's sacred vill;
They rouse from Lebanon's dark heights, and Sinim by the sea,
From Gaza's mighty tower, and from the shores of radiant Galilee.

The king sits in the city gate, and all the gathered town
Have hastened and pauper are looking eager down
And Jorah's maids with raven braids and tresses flung aside,
Are gazing from their lattices upon the concourse wide.
The pale cheek burns, the dark eye glows, as standing there they see
The prest young warriors who have vied to them with bended knee.

The true, the brave, the monarch speaks in accents stern and loud,
And a solemn silence falls upon the murmuring resolute crowd:—
"Rise! forth, ye lovers of Israel! your deeds of valor show;
That rich rewards and honor high your proud deserts may know:—
Stand forth, ye valiant captains! and the mightiest of your band
Shall be your chief, and from this day sit down at my right hand."

Upon a hill, dark warrior ere the Monarch's speech was done,—
There crowds not through Jerusalem so haughty paced a one.
He rose and leaned upon his spear before the admiring throng,
While murmurs of applause went up from all the martial ring;
And they whispered to each other with reverential air—
There's none that with Adino for prowess can compare.
He speaks, and all are hushed, his head and shoulders
He was a leader of leaders, and he loved his land and
Had he spoke?
How side by side in desperate strife we drew the avenging sword?
Philistia's host had filled the land our men had gone
Rabbar alone, of Judah's bands, do find them in the fray
"I rose, the Spirit of the Lord had filled my arm with
I smote them till their stoutest men turned back in head
long flight;
I smote them till none my sword in my hand clave with the
And JASHOBEAM stood upon his
"Then fled they!" the king exclaimed, "and he
The place among my mighty men shall be the second
one.
Another stood and did strong deeds against and high
Dealt in his darkly shaded home, and in his hungry
eye—
The purple fled before their feats, and felt their harvest
pile,
To prove Philistia's trampling hosts in bounteous store
to yield;
I mind them and view them there, I saved the goldish
grain,
And the Lord wrought us a victory over our foes again."
"Shall be another one," said the king, "and for thy
noble deed,
The third name in my valiant band shall be thy well
Then from the assembled throng came forth into the
Three of Judea's noblest sons, all warriors tried and
Within Jerusalem's palaces, her soldier crowd'd street
No stronger captains drew the lance, no braver bosoms
They looked upon each other's face, each strong hand
grasped each sword,
They looked upon the monarch's face, but never spoke
a word;
Then for the king from his high place, laid off his
golden crown,
And cast his regal mantle by, and from his throne came
down,
And took the warriors sword-girded hands, and met them
face to face.
Before the hosts of Israel, in brotherly embrace.
"These are my friends! long, long ago, (so far Adullam's
I throned, and I pined for drink, my fevered lips to
I longed for water from the well by Bethlehem's city
But rested absent my leather lap the Philistines in wait;
But these three heroes broke through their ranks, and
them as they passed,
And drew the water from the well, and brought it back
to me!"
Then spoke the eldest of the three — "My lord! not
alone
Was all the glory of that day; the mightiest was there
Por when into thy hand we gave the desert purchased
drought,
"Not by my lips!" then saidst, "shall this, the price of
blood be quaffed,"
And there upon the ravens door the precious drops were
poured.
Because our lives were jeoparded for thee, before the
Lord!"
Loud shout the assembled multitude—a thousand echoes
ring—
"God save the Lord of Judah! God save our Lord the
King!"
And another tale was told of battle fi-ld and fray,
And many another name was placed upon the list, the
day;
But none had such a thrilling tale of hot-blood to tell,
As they who drew the water up from Bethlehem's spar-
kling well.

Pictures of Life.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

I had, with a special settlement, pl-ced my small value upon one seat in the car, while I took one other, as that I might have a bench to myself, and a lady, who seemed to be unattended had quiet possession of the bench immediately in front of me. Most of the other places in the car were occupied At a stopping place another lady was admitted, and the conductor, with due regard to propriety, placed her on the bench with the solitary female in front of me. It was odd, said he had run several miles, that some sliding matter arrested the attention of all the passengers, and brought the two in front of me, face to face—and with faces I have not yet seen. They were alike in features and expression, and they were alike in the exhibition of feeling, surprise, anger and mortification.

"Is that you, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Mary, it seems! I certainly did not know you were here, I should have found another seat, and will seek one now."

She looked as if she was evidently struck with the impropriety of such a movement.

"I should suppose if you could find time to go to the city, you could have found time to attend your father's death bed."

"If I had not attend, it was because I knew he had been cared for, too, and I had no wish to see you there."

"You might have gone, for I supposed, of course, you would attend, and so I stayed at home."

Unwilling to listen, I attempted to read, and succeeded in avoiding a considerable portion which followed. It was evidently altogether fraternal, and required neither assistance nor listener. At length it became almost impossible to avoid hearing a portion.

"Your husband might have helped it, if he had chosen to do so."

"Most proper that. Judge letter of other people's husband's bad character, than of that of their own—and least they mean to hear more of it, my husband lived hard enough to settle the difficulty."

"The whole family person might have been preserved, and the family property have been saved, if you had not undertaken to rule us all for your own good."

"I rule! Well, that is well; I rule indeed!"

"Did you not say to ——, that you would never have read, until you had driven us off the homestead?"

"No, never."

"Did you not inquire of lawyer M——, what amount of money would satisfy a mortgage?"

"My husband did."

"And was not that in order to take possession of the place?"

"Only my husband had received money, and he was cautious that you and yours should have the advantage of it, and he sought to because the cardinal himself; it becomes that it was against my wish, so I know he could buy the place at auction for less than he would advance on it, and I had no reason to wish you harm, eh!"

"And why not?"

"Did not all of you——"

Then my approach in matters yet more sacred, and I opened the window of the car

But while it appeared that the act charged was positively denied, it became evident that the motive was, in some cases, directly good, and in others not evil. Suspicions had sprung up, jealousies had been fomented and a little rattling had been exercised, and a family which had been reared in affection, or without offences, had split upon some imaginary point of opinion or kindness. Instead of appealing generally at the first erroneous movement, each stood apart, and eager, and all unkindness, were mercilessly cut. The old widowed father had been allowed to die, without the eternal offices of his daughters daughter-like watching, and the bereaf of paternity. The property had been wasted, and the stranger had been benefited by the wrong.

The scene there threw herself upon the bosom of the other, and "they lifted up their voices and wept."

Let us not part now, Elizabeth; come with me—put your trunk into my carriage, and go home with me."

But what will your husband say to see me at your house?"

"I will go; they will both be delighted; and le your home."

The plain carriage swept up the hill, and I thought that the bridal pair, which took an opposite direction, felt as happy as a pair can be. Instances, who had sacrificed upon a father's grave all the animosity of years, and smiles and joy must have been in and around the house whither they went.

The sunlight that follows a shipwreck is not less beautiful, though it shines upon the remnants of a broken bark; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The dawn of the circle is always too precious to make us unduly neglect to prevent or heal disturbances. There are enough to minister, by hints and reports, to disagreements; and, unfortunately, the last under such circumstances, are much prone to multiply, and thus misrepresent motives; and trifles with no direct object, are magnified into enormities of intentional offence. It is the same in social life. Let us guard against it. Delicate relations are like the petals of early flowers; dangerous contacts and the frost, though removed, leaves a spot.—*U. S Gazette.*

Our Scrap Book.

THE TAYLORS AND THE SCOTTS.

There was quite a scene in the Recorder's office yesterday morning, between two ladies, each of whom had a child in her arms. Mrs Taylor was a short dumpy woman, with a pair of shoulders broad enough to bear most of the burdens of life. She was rather negligent in her dress, but there was no honesty and downrightness in her face that aroused the dormant sympathies of even the policemen. Mrs. Scott, on the contrary, was a tall woman, with rather a lady-like figure. She wore a red shawl, and her gown bonnet was decked with a profusion of gaudy artificial flowers, thus affecting a strong contrast to the plain cap and homely gown of Mrs Taylor. The tenant Scott seemed very delicate and languid, while the infant Taylor was as sturdy a little brat as ever played in a mud puddle or got scalded by the upsetting of a teakettle.

"Lodge," said the Recorder, with his accustomed blandness, "please state your case." Here a slight squabble took place, which finally ended in Mrs Scott's being allowed to speak first. Gracefully adjusting the folds of her shawl, with a slight "hem" and an indistinct "haw," she commenced:

"You see, sir, I live next door to that woman here, husband is a constable man, who works on a force in town, and this why husband is head waiter in a restaurant down town. She is historically jealous, and thereby not liked by many folks (and quite three months old, sir,) is spin' of the measles and the whooping cough, husband. Yes terday she said Mrs Jenkins that I bought the potatoes most in all Fayette market, and that my eggs never was fresh. The day before that she throwed a basin of cold water on my head, as I was walking past with little Winfield in my arms, and the poor child had been sick ever since. I talked to her about it, sir, and said I should tell you of it, when she got into a passion, throwed down her own dirty little brat, and struck me in the face."

"That'll do, Mrs. Scott, and now for your part of the tale, Mrs Taylor."

"That woman, yer honour, is entirely above herself. This here blessed child that's in my arms was torn the day that the battle of Fally Altar was fought, and my old man said as how his name should be Zack Taylor, and Zack Taylor I had him christened. Elder Scott hadn't no baby then, and she's been jealous of me ever since. She treats me as if I was a nigger, and now that she's got young Winfield, she's prouder than ever. She says that my brats ain't good as her's, and that I call my little Zack, when he grows up, will go to the penitentiary. She called me a bad name, the other day when I throwed the basin of water on her—just to give me, and hit her, *and if she bothers me or my little Zack any more, I'll hit her again.*"

The Recorder gave Mrs Taylor a sound lecture, and bound her over to keep the peace; whereupon Mrs. Scott walked out of the police office, as happy as a queen with a full load strutting in the sun.—*N. O. Paper.*

LADY GRANGE.

A notice of Miss Martineau's new historical tale, entitled the Billow and the Rock, contains an account of the incidents on which it is founded, and as we do not remember to have seen the story of the book before, we give them below:

The heroine of her tale is Lady Grange, of Scottish history, about whom much has been written and said within the last half century. She was the wife of one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, and was married to him in a very low station, was educated and carried off in the dark without knowing by whom, and conveyed by nightly journeys in the Highland chaises from station to station, at last to the remote rock of St Kilda, one of the Hebrides where she was ostensibly kept prisoner in a manner among its few wild inhabitants. The secret suspension was that this treatment on the part of Lord Grange was the effect of mere jealousy. Lady Grange, Johnson, in speaking of the circumstance says to Boswell, "if Macleod would only let her go, she would be glad to do so, but had such a place not of all others might make it a very pestilential island." But the husband of Lady Grange had a less amiable motive than mere jealousy for his cruel conduct. One of Grange was John Clerk, of Dalny, who declared by word and deed, as he was coming from church on Sunday, to Grange, a gentleman of Scotland, that he and his friends would be ready to defend to the last extremity the Hanover and the Whigs, though he never gained the confidence of that party. He had been an informer, as to collect secrecy on the measures of the government in a letter in his wife, which she had carelessly preserved, and which on the occasion of a quarrel between them, she threatened to expose. Such a writing, in these days, might have cost him his place at his life, and less, if not look't through a holster at long as it lets.

Strange Fire.—A Southerner, with a negro servant, arrived at the Revere House a day or two ago, and on yesterday morning sent the servant down into the yard for a pail of water. Sambo, with whom in hand, inquired for "de pump" and on being shown the hydrant, sat the pitcher down and commenced working the lever backward and forward, a drop falling at every jerk. He pumped away until the perspiration on his face streamed down his neck, when he left off in disgust, and getting it up in despair, he addressed a gentleman near by, who had been watching his movements in no little amusement.

"Say, sir, did dis darn ole pump, massa! Wy um not run all de time?"

"It will right now, pump away."

"No sir. I'll fetch um room the river fust."

As Sambo was about to carry his threat into effect, the gentleman, with his disappointed face all flushed, explained the mystery by starting the hydrant, and after the stream gushed out filling the pitcher in a few seconds, handed it back, with all his whites displayed in wonder.

"Say, you call dat? Dem mine when you no tech em. Dis fus time."

Sambo tobogged off with his pitcher, brooding over the mysterious.—*Cin. Atlas.*

Eloquence of a Document.—May it please the Court," said Mr. Jones, addressing the Judge, "the fact is, the fact is, the fact, "this is a case of the greatest importance. While the Ame ican Eagle, whose pinions extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and whose beak is moistened in the Gulf of Mexico, and whose talons rest on the Rocky Chain of the West, was soaring in high and majestic flight—"

"Stop, there's about enough of that," said the judge, "I'll not be put up to hear any more about eagles." Die has nothin to do mit the case, and I'll not hear it. You vas crazy," exclaimed the Jus tice.

"True, your honour, but my client has rights here——"

"Yes client has no right to de eagle?"

"I'll excuse not, but by the laws or language—"

"Vat care I for de laws of de language? I make de statut de laws of de State and de ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and——"

"Dat will do! dat will do! you glad or charged mit stheating a sheep, yat makes no matter. De court will adjourn to Bill Vergeson's to drink!"

The Dog Trade.—Tom, my covey, what are you doing with that wee dog?"

"Hoot ay! my dog, Jock, is—for I'm just out up tinsmoes, and drives it all the time."

"Then what is your line of business?"

"The dog trade to be sure, Jock fights and gets the reward. This dog belongs to that gentman in the chaise yonder. When he sees the dog is gone, you know he offers a reward in the Sun newspaper, and I takes him home."

E'. A young musician on his first appearance in public was so intimidated at hardly to be able to perform his part, and particularly to execute well those graces that principally display talent; on which Mrs. Grumpson observed, that he *trembled so much he could not shake.*

* * * * * * *

Inquisitiveness.—Mother, what is a fault? "A fault child? I don't know—that depends upon ask that question?" "Cause, the other day I asked John what made her back stick out so, and she said fault."

Fun and Frolic.

How to Catch a Thief.—Some time ago a gentleman residing on the Delaware, upon going into his store-house, missed one thousand dollars in specie, as was his custom, discovered that the house had been broken open the previous night, and all his money taken away. Suspecting a man in his employ, who must have been acquainted about his place, and knew of his well-filled smoke house, he said not a word to any one about his loss, but went, as usual, every morning and made up his fire as though nothing had occurred—leaving the affair to be developed as it might. For two weeks he heard nothing of his loss, and had almost given up hopes of the success of his plan, when one morning a colored boy, living in the neighborhood, meeting his master on his way, asked him, very concernedly, whether he had found out yet who robbed his smoke house.

"Yes, I have," said Mr. ——.

"Ah—who might it be?"

"It is you!"—seeing the man by the collar—upon which he confessed, and returned nearly the whole of his money, and I'll have you arrested and punished."

The negro, trembling with affright, promised instant compliance, if means wouldn't have him sent to an hour after the meal was again in Mr. S.'s smoke house, and the fellow agreed at once to leave the neighborhood. As the guilty party was retiring, he asked Mr. S. how he discovered it was he that robbed him, as he was sure that nobody had seen him and that he had told nobody. "There was but one way to find out," replied Mr. S., "and my two were the only persons who knew anything about it."

Changing Sides.—A few days back an Irishman came over to buy a pair of shoes, and the purchase asked the shoemaker if he could tell him what would prevent their going down on the soles? The shoemaker replied, the only way to prevent it was to change them every morning. But if the shop after purchasing a pair, and the following morning, returned, asked for a pair of shoes, tried them on, and leaving the pair he bought the day before, was proceeding out of the store, without further notice, when the shoemaker called him to account for what he was doing, telling him at the same time that he had forgotten to pay for the shoes he had just bought. "And is it me you're speaking to?" said the fellow, doing what you told me yesterday, changing my shoes every morning."

Sharp Reply.—A short time ago, as a boy was riding a mare to the fair at Romsley, he met, he was accosted on entering the town by a sprig of a dealer, who called out in a contemptible tone, "Why, Jack, that horse you're riding is badly; look what a white face he's got!" "Hey," said the lad, looking off wheeling, "an yod her a white face, too, if yod look't through a holster at long as it lets."

Our Picture Gallery.

[Chinese Junk.]

THE CHINESE JUNK.

Of the many variously shaped vessels in which men peril their lives and fortunes on the boisterous seas, those of China, called junks, are among the most remarkable, as well as the most frail. They nevertheless make long voyages in their commercial intercourse with the Phillipine, Malacca, and other islands of the Indian Archipelago, also to Java, the Malay peninsula, and the coasts of Siam and Cochin China. In crossing the China sea, they always take advantage of the monsoons, and in their bulk and light draught of water, they are ill-calculated to make way against the wind; but, when the reason comes round, they scud merrily with favorable winds. Although they do not appear well adapted to withstand heavy seas, yet the fishermen who ply along the coast, and whose vessels are the only homes for themselves and families, willingly brave very bad weather in the pursuit of their calling—and owing probably to their buoyancy it self-on occurs that any foundder.

The fin eye they present a large unsightly mass, bearing, however, a singular and striking resemblance to those of England about two centuries ago, with small steer like a half moon, as it thinly loopie and prows. They are 500 tonnage, and 600 tons, and sometimes as much as 800; their rigging is of the simplest kind, consisting of two or three large masts composed of a single piece of timber much smaller in proportion than Europ an masts, on which traverse large square sails which are increase l according to the size of the vessel, but in number never exceeding three. These sails are of a reed or straw matting, with stout bamboos at intervals of two in two at a half feet, extend ng horizontally along the surface; and to either extremity of these bamboos are attached lines for the purpose of pulling the sails to the wind, and when it is desired to reduce (or rest) the sails, they are rolled up from the bottom by as many of these poles as are thought necessary. The anchors are of the rudest construction, the material is always of wood, weighted with immense stones, basket shaped, together with a stock across to keep it from falling to the ground so as to take hold, and it appears to be infallible for the performance at its office more in its inertia than to its mechanical construction.

Among other peculiarities, is the custom of painting a large eye on each side of the bow, the Chinese very pertinently asking. "How can ship see, suppose he no hab eye?" The practice also of having a figure head, in other places, though Chinese very pertinently asking. "How can ship see, suppose he no hab eye?" The practice also in the conducting of the vessel; they do not receive a fixed salary, but have a portion of the profits arising from the voyage or service performed All their fittings, such as water, spirits, &c., are contained in jars, and their solids are packed in cases or palmleaved tube—the Chinese never putting a second head into a cask, whether this arises from ignorance or obstinacy I cannot say, but it is certain that a cask closed at both ends is never seen in the Mandarin war.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

FROM THE SCOTTISH.

Mariagine had seen bith five short summers; yet per bloom, her health, her affection, nor skill could save her.

"And the sorrow that have known, him shall know him no more."

Such is life and Death. In the joyous early summer, while the green and corn stand on thick, and bush and wing, his cold fame—the spirit of death has gone in the bud, and—now here to its long last home associated with the tears of affection and grief.

Farquhar, June 6th.

The light is gone out from his blue beaming eye,
And the limbs once so pliant, to marble are turned;
The lip that gave not a perceptible sigh,
And the heart that for us, not with sorrow yet mourned—

Are stilled, and are cold! Death's vigil he's keeping,
—The scenes that have shown him shall know him no more.
And woe is for the that his fond mother here
Her second, her pet one, that she watched o'er his childhood
With love never sleeping.
That she smiled at his gambols in garden, in wild-wood,
Or caressed him in sickness, now hoping, now weeping.

And was it for this that his father's hopes grew?
Were his watchfulness, prayers regarded in vain?
Ah! when death words abroad his insolent crew,
Lower, virtue nor prayer, can charm the fell train.

Yes, Death and the Grave care for none of these things!
He whispers—it, ye parents!—yet why should ye mourn?
Tell no though in ruins; and in joy yet return
With your absence in your arms at the glorious harvest home.
Were your infants but caught as ye scattered the blossom?
Le! in each of you Heaven enthusiastic sings:
He who gave to your care, took again to His bosom.

Little children dwell nearest the great King of Kings,
Yes, they light may go out, and we see not its lightness!
But in Heaven they shine like the stars in their brightness.

Selected Articles.

COLOR OF COUNTRY HOUSES.

The Horticulturist for May, contains a few article on the color of country houses, from the pen of its editor. It its hints should receive the attention of those who are about to build, or paint their houses, it is well suggested, connect most of the notice that meets his eye in the country with a not unpleasant sensation, and others offend the eye. His satisfactory appears to be caused on the opposite principle, and one meets in broad sunshine to turn away from it, as from a thing of evil. Sometimes the agreeable emotion that every where else prevails the landscape. House landscape painters studiously avoid the common neutral tints—one which contrast agreeably with the prevailing hues of nature and the other which offend the eye by their violence of action, that the colors of all buildings in the country should be of those shades of cool sombre called neutral tints, such as lawn, drab, grey, stone &c. &c. that all positive colors, such as white, yellow, red, blue, black, &c., should always be avoided. This principle of house coloring Mr. Downing adopts and sustains by strong argument and illustration. His practical instructions in that, in proportion as a house is exposed to view, let its hue be darker; and where it is much concealed by foliage, a very light shade of color is to be preferred. Fortunately, fashion is now setting in the right direction.—*Cin. Gazette.*

A COLORED DUEL.

A duel between two colored gentmen—a regular built affair—occurred recently according to the most strict and punctilious provisions of the code of honor—came off one morning last week. The fight took place with pistols at the usual distance of ten paces, on a small branch of the Metairie road. We do not know what the origin of the difficulty was, except that one of the parties, in the exuberance of one of the spectators, "was crossed in love by de odder, and dat him hyas must hab satisfaction."

We have learned from one who was present at the combat, the particulars as they transpired. They are substantially as follows:

After having taken their stands, one of the seconds noticed, that owing to their positions, the sunbeams set too glaringly in the eyes of his principal. This was sufficient ground for interfering, and he called out to the other second with—

"I say, I puts my mate on dat position. It's right de sun shine in de eyes of boss dat I also. De fectious ob de case is, dat de sun shine in de eyes and makes my principal roll him eye also, in order too much."

"My sir, look here, don't we chuck up dollar for de choice ob ground, didn't I git him my sir?"

"Yes, I knows you did, but den dat hasn't got a job, and I'se no notion ob seein' my feen composed upon no matter you is a nigger."

"Well, I'se no notion, too, I'se jus as good right to hab no notion as you is, and I 'tists on settin' de matter jus as it was originally."

At this juncture a friendly crowd settled the matter at once, by stepping in between the two and the belligerents, forcibly without hurting any one.

Until the police interference took their position, and all the little preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol nearly cocked from his second. Both manifested a remarkable degree of sang froid, although a blemish pallenor spread itself over their black cheeks. The second who was to give out the fatal matter which might send them out of this world, now took his ground. Raising his voice, he began—

"Gentmen, your time am come."

Both signified their assent.

"Is you ready? Talk! one—two—free."

Bang, pop, went both pistols at once, one ball raising the dust in the middle of the road, while the other took a "dandelionian" course in among the bystanders, fortunately without hurting any one.

It was now time to interpose and one of the seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation the challenged party stepped forward and said to his antagonist—

"Nigga, is you satisfied?"

"I is."

"So is I, and I'se glad to get off so. Next time dey carries de child out on sich a foolish errand as dis, dey'll hab to fetch me, fat dey will be sartain."

"Dem's my sentiments exactly," retorted the other. "When de child's baptized agin, I'll be sent off, I declar! I thought I was a goin child, but I'se so happy now—gosh, let's shake hands and go back to our situations."

* * * * * * *

In five minutes time, all hands—seconds, blacks, friends, spectators and all—were on the road home to work; perfectly satisfied with the sport of the morning.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE PLEASURES OF OUR DAILY PATHS.

BY ANNE WALE, OF MARYLAND.

It is the mind that makes the charm
Of earth around us;
It is the mind on every farm
Its own scattering diet.
The wildest and the meanest home
May keep full length thought's sparkling fame:
For 'tis not where—but how—we roam,
That are the mind by it.

The sunlight on a common scene
Its golden glory throwing,
The simplest sketch of meadow green
In home's small garden growing,—
Will, for its hour, the heart engage
A feast of pleasure, that were sited
Not on the vastest landscape,
Or fair, or fresh, or grand,
From earth's whole gorgeous drawing.

Some mild-ish on wet Nature gaze
In on fields remote glory,
Or mark where nature's varying rays
Fresh on the sky, all beauty,
Or parrot and can see and rude,
Or stand where westerns Sunset send,
But feel not where they stood,
Then to some fireside story.

The true path of Life's lovely way
To them full wide will stray;
With gems of quickly shifting ray
They leave light-reckoning,
With gay-to pretty-to-stay,
With stars for ever shining out,
That rarely might be seen, I trust,
Where empty ones are pining.

Oh! true keep an open eye
To beauty and to gladness;
To all the joys which near them lie,
Not many things of sadness!
Look round on this fair world of ours,
With brows pinn'd, yet starred with flowers!
And, if sadness pass by thy bower,
Thine, fairy is,—or madness.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

A friend of mine was married to a scold—
To me he came, and all his troubles told.
Said he "Sir's this a woman raving mad?"
"Alas!" said I, "my friend that's very bad."
"No, no, no bad," said he; "for ask her, true,
I had back home, and had, and merry, too."
"That was well," said I.
"Yes, well," said he, "and he;
"For I am her own brother
Went to live with me another.
I was cast, the cat was lost,
And every penny went to pay the cost."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For my agent did he to home should keep,
And give to me, forsooth of Yorkshire sheep.
All fat and fair and fine they were to be!"
"Well, then," said I, "that was well for thee."
"No, not so well," said he.
"For when the sheep I got,
They every one died with the rot."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For I had thought to escape the fat,
And saved by it my sheep.
Then into tallow meet for winter store."
"Why, then," said I, "that's better than before."
"No, not so well," said he;
"For having got a chancy fellow
To escape the fat, and make the tallow,
Into the melting fat the fellow,
And, like himself, he drowned."
Burst my house to ashes!"
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he
"For, what is best,
My scolding wife is gone among the rest."

SANTA ANNA'S HACIENDA.

The N. O. National, states that twelve miles beyond Cerro Gordo is the hacienda of General Santa Anna.

As this distinguished functionary owns pretty much the whole country between Vera Cruz and Jalapa, he finds it convenient to have two other residences; but the hacienda near Cerro Gordo was his favorite resort. Here it was he lived in dignity, previous to the disastrous battle that lost him his Presidential office and his popularity among his people. The house is a large, square affair, and, as our army, entered this princely abode, he gazed with astonishment at the surrounding splendor, and with admiration at the ease with which the owner of *El General Santa Anna* met his sight, and inferred from the same that he was a man of taste. In order to convince the public mind that such is the case accounts of several experiments have already been promulgated, all of which, so far as we have yet heard, concur in the support of this conviction. Notwithstanding the manner seems to me sufficiently large to compel all members of the Legislature to give way under their accumulated weight, still I will refer to give publicity to an additional experiment, tried by a gentleman who is entirely independent of this township. In a conversation with him a few days since, he informed me that some twenty years ago, when residing in the town of Ashfield, Mass., he set a couple of gate posts, he'n of which were taken from the butt of a chestnut tree which was perfectly sound. One of these was, and the other was not inverted. At the expiration of twelve years, both were taken up, when he found that of the one inverted, only the sliverture or sapp part was decayed, while the other had nearly rotted off. Will some person more conversant with this subject inquire, would probably be sufficient to convince the incredulous; and, perhaps to determine the question of the longevity of trees and their sheets and drawers. But nothing to be gained in this way, I will add, that I have myself cut and split and carried posts, and neater pieces of rampart gun among them, and you will never be troubled with mosquitoes.

It is thought to be a preventive to the unhealthy effects of cattlemen to cut the alcon very thin, and to keep the bowels open by the use of tea. A few minutes in the sun or taken out a large portion of the slimy matter as to prepare to health. They will be found to be very much improved by the above

Lime pulverized, sifted through coarse muslin, and stirred up tolerably thick in white of eggs, forms a coat of varnish which has been found to be very durable. It should be stirred up by the pencil, as it is wasted.

Ground wheat may be separated from the comb, by placing it in the hot sun, or before a fire, with two or three seven each from the other, under it. This will fall off, and the grain will remain.

The bloody from shoes the bare cause whitening through the air.

Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's here o'erheard the king, a lieutenant, lively and gay,
With curling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always
He stood the nearest to the king,
The monarch's favorite, one he loved best of any.
He bowed and he would do wonderous things to show his love of me
The king would be separated from the comb, by
placing it in the hot sun, or before a fire, with two or three seven each from the other, under it. This will fall off, and the grain will remain.

Will with swallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd on
yet. The king is gradually brought nearer to
Till all the pit with sand and moss, was in a thunderous
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right at the
lady of his love.

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